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Post Prandial Liz Waldner

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Liz Waldner

POST PRANDIAL

for SweetBee Smoothfield

Time, fine, a fine time was had by all. The tine of the fork, the fork of the tree, the tree of life, the life of Reilly and now it's either Irish or smiley. Eyes, nays, *pince nez*, sweat bee. A sweat bee reconnoitering me. The cicada sound swells and dies like the sea on the sand, like the breeze in the trees. The bee's still reconnoitering me. An orange-edged winged thing flies by fast. The band about my brain tightens. The buzz saw, the band saw, song of some bug, and the sweat bee lands on my blue muu-muu, probes to be sure it's missing nothing sweet. Its eyes attuned to another frequency, it can't be sure. Me, neither. SweetBee, hello. I am fickle. Something stung me at yesterday evening's dinner party. It left a welt like missing you.